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Authors' Festival, given in the Crystal Palace a couple of winters since. Present in that crowd of "the profession" were many notable persons—women and men. Among the former was a matron of fifty, whose complexion was as pure as a child's, and whose beauty was still in its freshness. Her dress was of elegant velvet, but quite without the tricksy appendages which had long been *ton* in the way of trimmings. Upon her forehead, at its apex, gleamed a jewel of much purity; and this was her almost only "ornament." Among fifty ladies she was the most observed, and won from all warm encomiums for her beauty and consummate good taste. Another lady present, equally eminent in the literary world, was dressed in the very reverse style—low-necked, short-sleeved dress of dark satin—much jewelry over head, neck, wrists, and hands, and a general "flash" appearance. Of her we heard many really rude speeches; and it is certain she possessed no real power over those who waited upon her words. Such is association; and we may say honestly and earnestly to our lady friends, that there is a discord in the harmony of their beauty, when they dress in *outre* taste, and use ornament to profusion.

A gentleman of our acquaintance was passing through Ohio, a few years since, and met in one of the "country balls" which he attended, a rustic belle whose charms caught him captive. It was a real case of the power of beauty; for, educated in the customs and etiquette of the city, he found nothing of Fifth Avenue in the young beauty. Her simplicity and beauty prevailed over tastes that rebelled at her rather untutored ways, and he wooed and won her, placing her, *after marriage*, in a school on the Hudson, where she at length became an adept in modern social usage, and well perfected in her several studies. Then she was introduced into city life, and won all hearts by her beauty and the naiveness of her manner; but "position" turned her head, and the "sweet woman" soon became merged into the dashing woman of fashion, extravagant to extreme, luxurious in living, and a regular *habitué* of the opera and theatre. Beautiful still, the power of the quality is gone; and the husband is no longer happy in her charms, and has been heard to say he would consent to go to Ohio and farm for a living, if it would restore his wife to her former

simplicity and purity of heart. The hearth-light of that home is gone out.

We might multiply histories, *ad infinitum*, to illustrate the physical and moral force of the Beautiful, but space forbids; and as we find our article assuming something of a serious manner, we reluctantly cut it short. The subject of the relationships which Physical Beauty sustains to Art, is one prolific of much thought—much discussion; and this branch of the topic we leave to future papers. As time and occasion offer, we shall try and talk familiarly to the reader of these questions, too often rendered abstruse and repellent by the dry and impractical abstractions of writers who ought to be popular, but are not. The Beautiful has power that is too little noticed, in our hurry after the gold bubbles that so often vanish into thin air when we think to grasp them; and it can do no harm for us to preach our little sermons, in hopes of winning the readers of the "Cosmopolitan" to, at least, a thought of the Beautiful and the True.



#### "ILLUSTRATED" WORKS.



HE "Illustration" mania is upon our people. Nothing but "illustrated works" are profitable to publishers; while the illustrated magazines and newspapers are in everybody's hands—are vastly popular. HARPERS initiated the era, by their illustrated Bible; then fast followed illustrated SHAKSPEARES, and BYRONS, and SCOTTS, until the English Classics were all rejuvenated and tricked out as well as excellent artists and gravers could possibly effect. Then the Magazines "followed suit"—*Harper* keeping, as it still does, the lead, and the page that had the best picture was esteemed the best. For a while, *Harper* had the field all to itself; and it was so evident that "the pictures" took with the masses, that other Magazines must needs copy the feature. *Graham* run up the "illustrated" colors; *Mrs. Stephens' Monthly* made the pictures a leading feature from the start, as did also the *U. S. Magazine*. *Putnam*, alone, held out—the "organ of the best American mind," how could it stoop to the "charlatanism" of

*block-heads*? "Ah, well-a-day!" as some of our sad poets sing,—even the immaculate *Putnam*, the "Maga," the all-sufficient organ of the *best* things in our literature, had to succumb, and now sails out boldly, vying with *Harper* and the *N. Y. Ledger*, in the way of "taking" cuts and flash pictures

And so we go. Not a Monthly Magazine in all the length and breadth of this land which is not "an organ of the best American" wood engravers? The graver has usurped the field—the hackneyed pen is "old fogy," or simply stands by to say "this is a horse," while pictures "tell the tale that the tongue is too timid to tattle." The *North American Review* alone resists, preserving, with puritanical gravity, its old, staid way, and endeavoring to afford a *vade mecum* for the elegant scholarship of Cambridge University. Will it, too, become possessed of the "popular" impulse, and seek to "illustrate" the thoughts which flit through the brains of what is, doubtless, "the best American mind?" We shudder at the bare supposition, and ejaculate a "Heaven forbid!" Already we are too dependent upon Great Britain for the very best periodical literature which circulates in our midst; and if this literary wood-cut mania does not abate, we shall still further become addicted to looking across the ocean for our ablest current papers on current topics; for it is certain "illustration" is as much out of place in the midst of disquisitions, abstractions, generalities, arguments, statistics, citations, as it is in place in a professed Art Journal; and if we would have a *Blackwood*—a real "Maga"—in America, it must come with no cheap sign of boxwood, but with the sterner stuff of solid brain-work, embodying the thought, the feeling, the *ideas* of this people—taking hold of men, and books, and principles, and facts, and fancies, in a manner to show a masterly fitness for the task. No mere picture-book will answer; the gingersly conceit of young and flattered authors will not answer; the assumptions of title-page and prospectus will not answer. We demand a true, high-toned, liberally-conducted and ably-edited Monthly—an *American* Monthly—the organ of the leading mind of the country. Shall we have it?



A PRIVATE letter gives reason to hope for the recovery of CRAWFORD, the sculptor.